

Arkansas Advocate.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY ALBERT PIKE.

VOL. VII.

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NO. 24.

This Paper is published every Friday, at THREE DOLLARS per annum, payable in advance—or FOUR DOLLARS at the end of the year. No subscriber will be considered as paying in advance, unless payment be made previous to the receipt of the second number.

No paper will be discontinued, (except at the discretion of the Editor,) until all arrearages have been paid.

Letters addressed to the Editor must be POST-PAYED, or they will not be attended to.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—Nine lines or under, first insertion, ONE DOLLAR—each continuance FIFTY CENTS.

Advertisements which exceed one square by two lines will be charged as two squares.

When the advertisements of any person advertising by the year exceed, in any one number, one fourth of a column, the excess will be charged at the common rates.

All advertisements sent to this office for publication, without the number of insertions being specified, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

Persons who commence advertising by the year, will be expected to continue at least six months, or they will be charged at the ordinary rates of advertising.

WANTED,

AT this office, to learn the printing business, two boys about 15 or 16 years of age, and who can read and write well. Boys from the country would be preferred.

W. H. ROGERS,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

HAS located at Columbia, ARK. He will practise in the 4th Judicial District, and in the Superior Court at Little Rock, and will attend punctually to all business entrusted to his care.

Nov. 24, 1835.—36-1y

A. FOWLER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

(LITTLE ROCK.)

April 10, 1835.—1-tf

CUMMINS & PIKE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, LITTLE ROCK.

LAW NOTICE.

GEORGE B. AMES, Attorney at Law—office west end of Ashley's brick row of offices. Little Rock, Sept. 2, 1836.—22tf

JOHN HUTT,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

RESIDES at Little Rock, and will attend punctually to all business entrusted to his care, in the Circuit Court of the county of Pulaski, and the Superior Court of the State.

Little Rock, August 30th, 1836.—22tf

DOCTOR DAVID HOLT,

HAVING permanently located himself, offers his professional services to the citizens of Little Rock and its vicinity. He hopes, by strict attention, to merit a share of public patronage.

His shop is in the new white house in Major Peay's row of buildings, and adjoining the Times Office. July 19, 1836.—16-tf

TO MECHANICS.

WILL be let to the lowest bidder, on the third Saturday in September, on the premises, the building of a goal, in Whitson town, for Crawford county. The condition is, cash paid when the work is completed, which must be within eighteen months after the letting of the contract. The goal is to be of the following description:

THE PLAN OF A GOAL.

The whole house to be thirty feet by twenty, in the clear; the foundation to be two feet deep in the ground, well raised one foot above ground, with good rock; the whole wall, above the foundation, to be of well burnt brick, laid in good lime mortar; the part of the house designed for the dungeon room must be divided from the jailer's room, by a partition wall across the house, cutting off twelve feet in the clear of one end of the house, which is to be entirely surrounded by a double wall of brick, eighteen inches thick, with a space of one foot between the walls, which is to be filled with hewn timber, square, set on end, and flat rocks, put in edgewise, as high as the first story, which will be nine feet between floors; the lower floor must be laid with two tiers of foot square hewn timber, laid one foot in the wall at each end, laid one tier across the other, and then floored with two inch oak plank, nailed down with spikes, and so filled with tenpenny nails as to render it impossible to bore or cut the floor; the upper floor to be laid in like manner with one tier of hewed timber one foot square, and floored on top in the same manner, with two inch plank, spikes and nails; there must be a floor, of foot square hewed timber, over the upper room, which room is designed for the debtors' room; the dungeon room is to have one window at each side, eighteen inches square, to have two tiers of grates, made of two inch square bars of iron, crossed two inches apart, and made substantially fast in timbers fastened in the wall, and faced with large flat bars of iron, through which the grate bars must pass; the whole balance of the wall, except the dungeon room, is to be a single wall of brick, eighteen inches thick, with two twelve light windows and two doors in the fore part of the jailer's room, and two windows above in the same room, of the same size, with a chimney at the end of the jailer's room, with a fire place above and below, built up with the wall of the house, with a good upper and lower floor, and stairs to go up to the upper floor; also two windows of twelve panes in the debtors' room, with one tier of grates on the inside, made of inch bars of iron, four inches between the crosses, fastened and secured in the same manner that the grates of the dungeon room are; all the windows of the jailer's and debtors' rooms to be neatly finished off with shutters, sash and glass; the doors to be neatly finished off, and shutters and locks to them; the whole of the building to be well covered in with a roof of eighteen inch shingles, one inch thick at the thick end, four inches wide, so nailed on as to show six inches of the shingles of each course, which roof must be completely pitched or painted, when finished; the dungeon room to have one door, which shall go out of the jailer's room, and the facing of said door shall be of substantial oak timber, well fastened and let into the wall, and faced with large bars of iron, so that it can neither be cut nor bored; there must be two shutters to the door, made of two inch oak plank crossed and nailed together with iron spikes, and lined on both sides with sheet iron well and strongly nailed on with tenpenny nails, with substantial wrought iron hinges, and first quality locks of the strongest kind; the debtors' room to have one door, securely made and well hung on good wrought iron hinges, with a good lock; the whole of the outside work of the goal to be neatly painted off with white lime.

WILLIAM SCOTT,) Com-
JOHN HAILE,) mission-
THOMAS PHILLIPS,) ers.

Whitson town, August 26, 1836.—21-4t

The Arkansas Gazette and Arkansas Times will each publish the above till the day of letting out the contract, and forward their accounts to the Commissioners at Whitson town.

From the New York Evening Star. RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE CAMPAIGN IN EAST FLORIDA. [Continued.]

On returning we met Colonel Gadsden, at the head of a large detachment, bound down to the river to search out a crossing place for the army, which would effect the passage early the next day. We asked leave to accompany the expedition; and, having secured our horse, we went along with it. The first point at which we attempted to penetrate the wood that lined the bank, proving impracticable, we were obliged to retrace our steps, and seek out another. At length, after a long and obstinate battle with the chin-heads, cypress-knees, and palmetto roots, (to say nothing of the impediments over head) we got into a low wet trail, which after many soundings, finally brought us within view of the river—there was the Outhlachoochy! It was just the sort of river that befitted such a place—not wide, though in most parts deep, calm, black, and forbidding! The opposite shore stood high above us; and at once apprised us of the advantage which it gave the enemy on that side. That he was lurking there, and meant to dispute the passage of the army, none of us doubted; and, indeed, expected every moment a salute ourselves—a welcome to the Outhlachoochy. All, however, was still—not the note of a bird—seemingly not the fall of a leaf—not a ripple or a bubble from the water—it was inexplicable. The shore was steep even on this side; and, in attempting to look down the river, some of us nearly toppled in. Here, then, there was no crossing place, and we resumed our search. We toiled more than an hour, when we came suddenly to an opening leading up from the river, at least a mile from the point at which we had entered the wood; and from the head of which we had a full view of Camp Island, and of the army back of it. Feeling fatigued, we left the exploring party, and walked up to the breast work. We had scarcely reached it when shots were heard. The friendly Indians, with Billy at their head, gave a shout! and every man was in a moment ready upon trigger.

"Powell fight plenty to-morrow," said Billy—"fight too much"—his fine manly face lighting up as he spoke into an expression of eager longing for another crack at his red brethren. He was related to Omathia, whom Powell had shot; and the recollection of this circumstance repress the feeling of contempt, mixed with pity, with which we must otherwise have regarded his unnatural faithlessness to his own race.

We were now all eyes and ears—but the firing was not repeated; nor did we see or hear anything of our men upon the river. Presently, however, they returned, and reported that the shots had come from the opposite shore—which left us satisfied as to the reception that awaited our attempt to cross the river in the morning.

At day break then Joster Blodget, of the "Richmond (Georgia) Blues," commanded by Capt. Robertson, and one of the finest men of a confessedly fine company, holding in his mouth the rope which it was necessary to attach to the other side of the river for the purpose of arranging our flat, coolly and deliberately broke water. His Captain stood by, and with intense solicitude watched the progress of the daring fellow—expecting, as we heard him say, every moment to see him shot down. This we all thought was surely the crisis; for by shooting Blodget, our crossing would be at once embarrassed, probably defeated, for that day. Over he went, however, reached the shore, arranged the rope, hoisted a flag—and returned safe and sound as he set out. "There are no Indians here," said some one, "they have evidently abandoned the pass—and we may cross in safety."

The Indians were there, however—but their conduct was wholly unaccountable. A sense of disappointment pervaded every bosom—from a state of high excitement we were suddenly let down—and perilous as it would have made our situation, on many accounts, there was yet probably not a man who would not have clapped his hands for joy, had the enemy in all his force have made his sudden appearance on the opposite shore. But, though hard by, he did not appear; and by 9 o'clock that night the army was over—we were west of the Outhlachoochy. Our rear guard, however, were honored by a salute from the unseen savage, which being promptly returned, he seemed quite satisfied, for the present, with that interchange of civilities, and nothing farther ensued during the night. The next morning we resumed our march—but not before we had been favored with a glimpse of our red friends. From a piece of rising ground, in front of our encampment, they had been descried in some tall white grass, about a quarter of a mile off. "One of them," said a sentinel, "was dressed all in white; and looked seven feet high! He was the biggest *Injin* I ever seen! They are there, sir—the devils!"

Some of the officers had also seen them, which left no doubt of the fact.

Well, we hoped, by following in their direction, to come upon them; and accordingly the army moved forward. Old Nero (who had lived long with the Indians, and was now our guide,) was in a little time at fault for the track gave out. There we were, an army bewildered! At length we summoned two of our friendly Indians, and they seemed perfectly at home, though neither trace nor sign could we see of a path! They seemed to scent the gale as they moved ahead of us—it was a sight that might be termed beautiful! In his wild and fanciful garb—his long black hair streaming to the wind—with staff in hand—a firm and assured step—here was the native of these wilds threading the thicket with the air of one who seemed to say—"I know ye!"

The point which we were now to gain, was Tampa Bay—100 miles to the south of us. A week would take us there, allowing for some detention on the route—a week of hot weather—sandy road—fat pork—hard bread and bad water—charming prospect! Indian signs now began to crowd upon us; and on the 30th, about 9 o'clock in the morning, we halted some miles from the river—left 350 men, under Major Lewis, to protect our wagons; and with the balance (1800,) sat out on a scouting expedition. We passed over Clinch's battle ground, where we saw Indian shanties (their late winter quarters) in all directions. Presently some of the party sprang an Indian and a white man! Like deer, however, they bounded into the thickets, and eluded us.—Their fellows, thought we, are not far off. We had reconnoitered many a hammock, and the day was fast declining, when—about 5 o'clock—the writer of this came suddenly upon Colonel Gadsden, at the point

of an immense hammock. We were surprised to see him on foot, but it was soon explained: "The Indians," said he, "are here." "Where?" we quickly asked. "If you will ride round that point, you will see them. They have held up their hands to us, intimating thereby that they want to have a talk." A talk! thought we—a talk at them would be better! Nevertheless, it was something to know that they were here—that we were within reach of them. We moved eagerly on, and on turning the point referred to by the Colonel, a rare and imposing scene presented itself. Lining the hammock, on the left, was the army, with General Scott at its head—mute and still—for it was a pause of expectancy! Spreading, on our right, lay one of those immense prairie ponds, that are the wonder of these wild regions; and had now become almost our despair! The hammock, in the form of a half moon, rose high along its borders, edging them with a green of the most vivid hue; while, upon a piece of head land, running out into the prairie, on our right, we could distinguish the dusky forms of the Micasukies, moving to and fro—sometimes disappearing in the hammock, and again emerging into view. At that moment, the setting sun,—

"That, like a Seraph's wing, above the woods.

Appeared—"

lit up the scene, and gave to it a more brilliant and pervading beauty. It seemed a sacrilege to tear with bloody hand a picture of repose so perfect and so peaceful!

Nero (who was our interpreter, as well as guide,) accompanied by Major B., of the Louisiana Volunteers, and Indian Billy—might be seen—now rising, and now sinking—laboring hard to get round the pond on the left, in order to reach the Indians, from whom he was instructed to learn definitely what they wanted, and to demand from them some account of *Primus*—a negro who, some weeks before, had been sent from Fort Drane to reconnoiter the enemy, and who had not afterward been heard of. The Indians were still standing upon the head land, as Nero and the rest approached—near, and now nearer—and the parties met! At the end of about fifteen minutes, we saw two of the horsemen returning at their speed!—they were the Major and Billy! Seven Indians, it seemed, had suddenly emerged from the hammock, carrying their rifles after a fashion, which the two volunteers (for in that character had they accompanied Nero) by no means relished—who therefore concluded it wisest to retire—leaving the interpreter, nothing daunted, to continue the conference. At length he, too, began to retrace his steps; and, having returned, informed us that he could learn nothing from the Indians relative to *Primus*, except that he had "gone down to the sea shore"—but that they would tell us more in the morning, if we would grant them the desired talk. The fact was, they were unapproachable by the army where they were, and they knew it; it is otherwise very questionable whether we would not have attacked, instead of talking with them. As it was, we resolved upon the latter; and the more readily, indeed, from the impression that—as it was their intention (for so we naturally supposed) to sue for terms, which it would be in our power to dictate—we might, by making prisoners of them, use them for the purpose of coming upon the others, whose whereabouts, of course, they knew. Camping, therefore, within a mile or two of them, we sallied out the next morning to meet our supposed suppliants. A part of the troops defiled to the left, and the rest to the right, of the pond. On this latter side, upon a small pine peninsula, between which and the hammock there was a piece of bad marsh ground—the cavalry was stationed, to intercept and cut off the enemy, should he fly or be forced from the hammock, and attempt to escape across the pine barren. The troops, with great difficulty—plunging at every step almost up to their waists—succeeded in getting over the marsh, and were just within rifle shot of the hammock, when its treacherous inmates opened a sudden and galling fire upon them! They were, however, not unprepared for such a reception, and returned the salute with interest. Our entire line now blazed! and for ten or twelve minutes the woods resounded with the rapid discharge of musketry and rifles! But as we could only fire in the direction of the smoke of the enemy's guns, and having given him three or four hot rounds, our men now charged the hammock! driving the Indians before them, whom they pursued for nearly four miles, and in spite of almost incredible difficulties; when, taking to the river before we could come up with them, they escaped. After several hours spent in the fruitless and fatiguing chase, we returned, with a loss of 4 men killed and 7 wounded; but without being able to do more than guess at the loss of the enemy, who, being considerably in advance of us, were enabled to drag away their killed and wounded; which they never fail to do, when practicable. The experience of a single day thus spent, opened our eyes to the nearly impracticable nature of a war against such an enemy, in such a country. How were we to pursue them—to follow them up from hammock to hammock, with a train of 100 baggage wagons? Impossible. Nor could we convert our infantry into cavalry—we had not horses enough; and if we had, the nature of the country forbade it—for, as it was, we had to reverse the process—dismount our dragoons and incorporate them with the infantry. It was manifest, however, that the presence of the cavalry had the effect of keeping the enemy forever in the hammock, where at the same time that arm of the service was impracticable. But our supplies were deficient, and defective. This precluded the possibility of our employing another day in pursuit of the enemy. Instead of hard bread (biscuit,) and bacon, the Commissary General at Washington had burdened us with pork and flour—which, while it took up double the room that a similar quantity of the other would have done, without being as wholesome, occasioned, also, a much greater loss of time in preparing our meals. This we take to have been the true secret of the failure of the campaign. It was too late to remedy the evil after we had got into the enemy's country; but the fault can scarcely be said to have rested with General Scott, who, with deep regret we perceive, has been held responsible for its consequences. If it be asked why the army was taken into the field without proper and sufficient supplies, it may be answered—first, that delay in opening the campaign (a delay occasioned by the difficulty of forwarding even such supplies as we had,) had already been complained of by the people of Florida, and in the public prints. It became necessary, then, to put the army in motion; and we moved, too, with less reluctance than we should otherwise have done, from the impression—shared by

all—that the enemy awaited us at the Outhlachoochy, ready to give us battle. Instead of this, however, we found him cut up into small parties, scattered over the whole face of the country! Situated as the army was, then, the attempt to hunt up the enemy was hopeless—was impracticable; and we were constrained to proceed on at once to Tampa Bay, in order to get supplies. Yet when we got there we learnt that the Quarter Master at New Orleans, influenced by the representation made, or caused (as it was said) to be made, by General Gaines—that the war was at an end—closed by the blow which he had struck, at the Outhlachoochy!—had abstained from sending on the provisions he had been ordered to forward from that place. The Quarter Master did not stand excused, it is true—but neither was General Scott to blame for a result which he had not contributed to bring about.

From the same cause, there (deficiency of supplies) we were obliged to hasten our return to the seaboard—unable to do more, on the route back, than scour a hammock, or so. The time, too, of the Louisiana Volunteers would expire in a week; and that of others of the same troops in a very short time; added to which we had from 6 to 700 sick! The season was fast becoming dangerous in those quarters, and we had upwards of 200 miles to make on our return.

This, in few words, unless we greatly err, is the history of the failure of the campaign. Having given the facts, so far as they came to our knowledge, we leave it to others to account for them.

The refreshing waters of Tampa—its expansive and beautiful bay—the appearance of Fort Brooke, on a green tongue of land running down between Indian and Wellsborough rivers into the bay—the shanties of 400 friendly Indians ready for embarkation—and, though last, not least, the sight of a number of sail at anchor far down the bay; all combined to repay us for our twelve days toilsome and harassing march through the wilderness. There was one drawback, however—the fleas—they had taken possession of the fort and grounds—there was no compromising matters with them. We do wish that a certain General had carried them away in his ear.

The fourth day of our arrival witnessed the embarkation of the Indians. They left their old hunting grounds apparently without regret; but "stoics of the woods" that they are, if ever they do feel, they seem to scorn the betrayal of emotion. Some "natural tears," however, we must suppose them to have shed in secret, as they shook the last sands of the old bay from their feet, and took the last glance at the old familiar pines, "grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves, o'er the unreturning" Seminole. They left a number of their dogs behind them, and it was piteous to hear the howlings of the poor creatures as they wandered amidst the quenched fires and deserted places of their old masters, seeming by their cries to say, "Where are they?"

Being desirous of returning by a new route, we joined the left wing under General Eustis. It was in going out to Camp Shelton—so called from the "Hero of the left wing," as he was denominated—General Shelton of South Carolina, who distinguished himself in a combat with an Indian Chief, on the march down to Tampa—that we were made the sharers of a somewhat ludicrous incident.

The dragoons (600 in number,) under Col. Goodwin, had that morning started for Pease Creek, with instructions to scour the adjoining country. We overtook them on the road, and with a view to avoid the dreadful dust which they created, got into a trail, and shot ahead of them. We had not traveled far when we met two officers, a Captain and Lieutenant, both of whom we knew. We stopped to shake hands, and asked them if they were bound to Tampa. "No, sir, we are on our way to the camp, but had got the start of you, and are returning to inform Colonel Goodwin that there are Indians ahead." "Ah! how far, sir?" "About a mile ahead, on the right, where they set fire to a building, the smoke of which can be seen from this road." "Did you see them?" "No, but my men did."

Colonel Goodwin, on getting up, was accordingly informed of the fact, and we hastened on. We soon came in view of the smoke, when we halted and had a short consultation.

"Captain," said the Colonel, addressing his officer of dragoons, "we shall probably have some sport here. Take thirty of your men—defile to the right—and the moment you come in sight of the rascals, drop your corn, sir—every man of you—(each carried his corn upon his horse)—and give them chase!" Away we sallied for about a mile, when a voice suddenly exclaimed, "There they are!" "Where—where?" was the equally sudden and excited question. "More directly ahead—through these pines—why I see them as plain as can be!"

"True—there they are!" "Go back," said the Captain to one of the men, "and inform Colonel Goodwin that the Indians are here."

This order arrested our attention, and struck us as most extraordinary. We had been given in search of the Indians, with directions to give chase the moment we should see them—and no sooner did we see them than the men were halted, and a message was sent to inform Colonel Goodwin that the Indians were there! Well, there we stood watching them, when a cry arose that they were running through the woods! "There—they go! they will escape us!" Carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, we instantly exclaimed, "Boys, let us after them!"

"Drop your corn—drop your corn!" was the immediate response—and without waiting for Colonel Goodwin to be informed, away we speeded in pursuit of the flying enemy, fast as our horses could carry us, and with our fingers ready to the trigger!

"By heaven, they are already out of sight!—spur, ye, boys!"—and spur we did—for in about ten minutes more we were down upon—the tents of our own men! It was upon Camp Shelton—upon General Eustis' left wing—and no Indians—that we were charging at the rate of at least ten miles an hour!

The poor men, peaceably engaged about the Camp, were astounded, and stood like "wonder-wounded hearers" of the rattling of our horses' hoofs, and as astonished spectators at the menacing appearance that we presented. Nor were we less amazed. The whole had been a strange blunder; strange—though it may be thought explained when we state that the Camp had been removed five miles to the right of where it stood when we last left it on going to Tampa; and not having been apprized of the change of location, a few stragglers from the Camp had been mistaken for Indians.